



Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE
RECLUSES OF SNOWDEN.

A TALE.

(Continued.)

THOUGH Louisa endeavored to form excuses for postponing the interview until Mr. Owen arrived, she found her companion's impatience much too ardent to be restrained; therefore having, in her own terms, "wiped the traces of sensibility from the eyes of expression," she accompanied her into the sick man's room; having first desired William to ask his master whether Mrs. Owen might have the pleasure of enquiring after his health.

Theodocius Darnley might, doubtless, have been termed the favourite child of nature; his person was finely proportioned; his countenance was not only handsome, but might have served as a model to an artist, desirous of portraying an intelligent mind; for the emotions of the heart were so strongly depicted in his features,

that it was almost unnecessary for him to speak.

Though Louisa was not in a frame of mind to derive entertainment from the ludicrous conduct of her friend, yet, from the studied form of speech in which she addressed Theodocius, it was evident that she had actually learnt it by heart; and, to prevent the smile, which transiently played over her lovely countenance, from being discovered, she was under the necessity of averting her head.

Under the pretence that talking might fatigue the invalid, Louisa made her visits much shorter than her companion seemed to approve, who, upon taking leave of Theodocius, assured him she should repeat her enquiries in a few hours. Of all the people in the world, whom Melville could have fixed upon as a companion to his daughter, Mrs. Owen was the most likely to favour what he was so anxious to prevent; for though tenderly attached, and truly faithful to her husband, from the natural romantic turn of her disposition, she was delighted at the bare idea of a love scene. Theodocius possessed too penetrating a geni-

us, not to perceive the lady's weak side ; and, delighted with the idea of having so convenient a companion, he was continually pressing her to visit his room. Confidence was the result of frequent communication ; and he described the effect of this new-felt passion in such enthusiastic terms, that Mrs. Owen could scarcely avoid envying Louisa the affection of such an enchanting man.

In vain did that amiable girl endeavour to combat a growing attachment, which she was aware would never be sanctioned by the author of her birth ; yet, as the health of the too interesting Theodocius returned, and he was capable of entering into general conversation, the delicate refinement of his sentiments so completely corresponded with her own, that she could scarcely avoid acknowledging to Mrs. Owen, he was the only man for whom she could ever feel a real regard. Theodocius had not only made that lady the confidant of his affection, but had implored her to plead in his behalf ; and a warmer champion in his cause he could not have chosen ; for she took every opportunity of making the *Charming Narcissus* (as she termed him) the subject of her discourse.

At length the long expected letter arrived from Melville, but it was so completely wrapped up in an oblivious shade, that Louisa was left to the indulgence of her

own ideas, respecting the motive which had induced him so hastily to depart. The same degree of obscurity, however, was not observed towards Theodocius, as he almost commanded Louisa to order him out of the house ; and he concluded his letter by saying, if he was not able to bear the fatigue of travelling, a temporary lodging might easily be procured.

Theodocius had perceived, that though humanity had influenced his entertainer's conduct, he was far from being a welcome guest ; yet, as Melville had changed his name upon taking up his residence in Carnarvonshire, he had not the slightest idea of his having been his father's friend. The observation he had made, he imparted to Mrs. Owen, who having consulted her husband, invited him to her house, and to it he retired a few days after Louisa had received her father's positive command.

To quit the being whom he adored, without disclosing that adoration, was impossible ; and in language the most delicate, the most impassioned and refined, he deplored the perversity of that prejudice which her father had so strikingly displayed. " Could I, most beloved of women," said he, " but discover the cause of your father's aversion to me, I might indulge the hope of impressing him with more favourable ideas ; but, stranger as I am to him, and unacquainted as he must be with

my character, I have not the vanity, the presumption, to form a hope that he will ever consent to our union; though on my knees I would implore him to receive me as his son. Of my father, allow me to say, I am totally independent; for, from my cradle, I was not only fostered, but educated, by an aunt; the most amiable, the most respectable of women, who implanted the seeds of virtue upon my susceptible mind; who dying about eighteen months since, left me undisputed master of two thousand a year. The failings of parents ought to be held sacred; but to the being to whom I vow eternal love and confidence, I must say he has some faults; or, rather inform her, that our sentiments do not exactly accord, and this difference of opinion has prevented me from ever residing under his roof."

Various were the emotions which agitated Louisa's bosom, whilst listening to this candid detail; but, though her heart pleaded strongly in favour of Theodocius, she declared she could never again listen to such conversation, without her father's consent; though, to compensate for the pain this declaration gave him, she acknowledged he was the only being to whose care (if she was at liberty) she would intrust her future peace.

Cheered in some degree by this assurance, this truly attached lover bade adieu to the amiable Louisa,

leaving a large packet for Melville, which he requested might be delivered as soon as he returned; when, after presenting the worthy Kirby with a munificent recompence, he threw himself into the chaise, which had been waiting three hours.

As Theodocius was to be the guest of Mrs. Owen, and as propriety no longer required her presence at Snowden, she accompanied the dejected lover, and endeavoured to inspire his breast with hope. Each day was William dispatched with a verbal enquiry after the amiable Louisa's health; who had positively forbidden those of a written nature, in compliance with her father's commands.

Another week had elapsed without any further intelligence from Melville, and Louisa had just retired to rest, when old Jowler's voice attracted her attention; and eagerly opening the casement, she perceived a carriage approach the gate.

"Is it my father?" she eagerly demanded of Kirby, who had likewise been roused by the unusual sound of the faithful dog's bark. "It is your father, my beloved girl, exclaimed Melville, yet I hope and trust, you are not alarmed."

"Alarmed! I am delighted!" replied the ingenuous Louisa, closing the casement, and flying down stairs, and at the same moment finding herself pressed to

her attached parent's heart. 'How is my guest?' enquired Melville, in an uninterested tone of voice. "He has left us, and is gone to Mrs. Owen's," replied Louisa, endeavouring to assume the same indifferent tone.

"My heart beats light at this intelligence!" exclaimed Melville, again embracing the object of his regard, "but, my sweet girl," continued he, in the softest accents, "you neither look nor speak, as if you had enjoyed health. Retire to your chamber; I do not require refreshment; indeed, from the hour of my existence, I never felt more completely well." Louisa in vain urged him to allow Martha to display her acknowledged skill in a little mulled wine; but finding him obstinately refuse every kind of refreshment, after again embracing him, she retired to her room.

On his dressing-table she had placed the important letter, which was to decide her future destiny and peace; and kingdoms would she have given, had they been at her disposal, to have witnessed her father's emotions whilst it was perused. Sleep, it might be said, was a stranger to Louisa's eye-lids, and she arose with the dawn; but her father met her in the garden, with an unusual degree of cheerfulness, and a kind of *gaite de coeur*. The morning was peculiarly fine, the lake was unruffled. Melville proposed taking a sail,

and dining at the hut of a fisherman, who resided on the borders of the lake. As Louisa was particularly fond of the water, her expressive countenance displayed pleasure at the proposal; whilst they were arranging the plan, they were joined by a Mr. Morgan, a clergyman, who lived within three miles of the place.—"Will you allow two young ladies, who are on a visit at the parsonage, to accompany you?" said Mr. Morgan.—"It will render our excursion the more agreeable," Melville replied. The boat was accordingly prepared; a hamper, filled with wines and provisions, put on board, and to the parsonage-house they alternately rowed and sailed.

Mr. Morgan's visitors proved intelligent companions to Louisa; and, from the period of her retirement, she acknowledged she had never spent so happy a day; but, as the evening approached, the gathering clouds prognosticated a violent impending storm.

In vain did the terrified Louisa urge her father's immediate departure; for, though usually sparing of the bottle, he had drank much more than his accustomed share, and, in spite of his daughter's entreaties, he insisted upon Mr. Morgan's assisting him to dispatch another; declaring, that until it was emptied, he would not enter the boat. The wind continued to rise higher—the smooth waters of the lake became ruffled—

and, what added to Louisa's and her companion's apprehensions, the watermen expressed their fears. At length, however, they were seated in the boat, and the intoxicated Melville stretched himself at the bottom of it, actually in an insensible state. The watermen had not only been sharers of their employers' good living, but, unfortunately, had been too liberally supplied with drink; and the terrified Louisa soon observed to her companions, that they appeared incapable of guiding the boat.

Mr. Morgan, providentially, had taken a less portion of wine than Melville; and perceiving terror and apprehension marked upon Louisa's expressive face, he proposed steering the little vessel, which, from the violence of the wind, required a more judicious guide. The lightning flashed, whilst loud peals of thunder seemed actually to burst over their heads, and the rain descended in such rapid torrents, that every article of their apparel was drenched.

Theodocius had accidentally heard of Melville's unexpected arrival the preceding night; and, impatient to know his destiny, he determined in the evening to ride to the mount. The course he was compelled to take, was on the margin of the lake, on which Louisa and her friends had been passing the day; and espying the boat, and perceiving how ill it was

managed, humanity induced him to watch the progress it made. Neither the lightning's lucid glare, nor the thunder's awful reverberation, could induce him to lose sight of the boat; for, as it drew nearer, he perceived a party of females in it, and he was too well aware of the danger to which they were exposed.

The wind soon formed into a perfect eddy—Theodocius, in the loudest accents, implored the pilot to make for land—but poor Morgan, perceiving the danger, became so completely enervated, that he was under the necessity of quitting the helm, and, in relinquishing it to the waterman, fell against the side, and upset the boat. Theodocius dashed into the stream, unmindful of his debilitated situation, and, swimming to the spot, brought a senseless female to the shore; some goatherds, who were near him, followed his example, and, by the interposition of a protecting providence, all the company were preserved. But, judge of the extatic sensations which must have expanded his bosom, when, upon untying a large bonnet, which had concealed the fair one's face, he discovered the features of his adored Louisa; and, in a few moments, had the still greater happiness of seeing her open her eyes.

"Oh, my father! in mercy save him!" she exclaimed, in a supplicating tone of voice, without

recognizing the person of her lover in her deliverer, who, tenderly taking her hand, assured her he was safe. The soft tones of his voice instantly recalled her recollection, and, gratitude for her miraculous preservation, threw her so totally off her guard, that, in expressing her fears lest he should suffer from the humanity of his disposition, she unintentionally disclosed the emotions of her heart.

[To be concluded next week.]

ON DANCING.

ALMOST all the arts which have contributed to the civilization, amusement, or fame, of the nations in which they have been cultivated, have at some stage of their progress, or at some æra of their revolutions, attracted the attention of persons of taste, who have thought it useful to analyse the principles on which they were founded, to explore the customs from which they sprang, or to illustrate the studies by which they might be acquired. Poetry has been traced to its sources, and guided in its channels. Music has had its historians and enthusiasts. Architecture, painting, and sculpture, have been followed through all their ramifications. The stage, that science whose effects while they last, are more forcible than any other of the fine arts, yet

whose operations on the heart, being incapable of transmission to future times, strike indeed like a meteor, but like a meteor vanish—all, all have been described and adorned by the pen of the scholar, the philosopher, the historian, the poet, the artist, and even the statesman. But dancing alone, that exhilarating science, which thaws the lingering juices, and wakes the soul while it excites the body, yet which is also the subject only of present delight, not of future admiration, has been unblest by the aids of any of the writers, who have made other arts their pursuit and their pleasure. Is it that the matter in itself is mean? Is it that its birth is low and recent? Yet it is the study of the great, and the subject of our public entertainments. It was in the earliest periods of Grecian refinement, the chief diversion of wise and polished nations. *Je suis le Dieu de la danse*, said Vestris, in the pomp and pride of triumph. Shall we deride the apotheosis of this aerial Alexander, and deny to his art the possession of a tutelary God? Let us rather admire his enthusiasm in the promotion of an exercise so elegant and healthful, and honour the zeal of a professor, whose exertions contributed to the placing of his art on a higher and more respectable footing than it had ever before boasted.

Dancing, as well as poetry and music, was in ancient times appropriated to divine worship; and,

while it retained that sacred character, the priests who directed and taught it, preserved its reputation, and its grandeur. But now, being usually managed by persons, who, from their education and circumstances, cannot be expected to make so considerable a figure as the ancient professors, and who do not always possess any merit, beyond their immediate mechanical skill, the art itself seems to have incurred the imputation of being only an amusing trifle, incapable and unworthy of literary illustration. But yet it seems an argument of its intrinsic desert, that, without any of the advantages enjoyed by its competitors, it has found its way into all nations, and insinuated itself into every rank, as if it were, in some sense, one of nature's universal principles. It began from religion—and in Greece and Rome themselves, it was the necessary qualification of a hero, as it is now the attribute of an accomplished gentleman, and man of fashion. And since, hitherto for the most part, the professors of this science, like the disciples of the Druids, have conveyed its mysteries by oral tradition, from generation to generation, we feel inclined to say something on a subject so generally interesting, fashionable, and useful, and if possible to rescue it from that ignominy by which it has been so long and so undeservedly obscured. In the course of what we shall have to say, we shall be able to adduce many classical authorities and pre-

cedents in favour of the art—and while we thus snatch our subject from the contempt of our male readers, we hope to amuse our female students with a sufficient proportion of anecdote and fact. Indeed it is chiefly for the sake of the fair that this account has been collected, since from long and accurate observation, we are led to believe, that dancing has more votaries among ladies, than among gentlemen. For some time we were much at a loss for a solution of this problem, but we flatter ourselves that at length we have discovered its explanation. According to the present system of dancing, ladies are precluded from the privilege of choosing the partner who may be most agreeable to them; and sometimes are even obliged to sit still, and be the unfortunate spectatresses of the jocund scene, in which their companions are joyfully acting. Now it appears to us, that it is the delightful uncertainty, which in all its shapes, and in all its provinces, in the Stock Exchange, in the Subscription-house, and in Parliament, constitutes the great impulse and spring of action, that here also extends its influence, and, while it agitates the palpitating heart of many a fair candidate for preference, excites that mixed sensation of enjoyment and hope, which compose the pleasure of a ball. Of late, indeed, in some parts of the kingdom, this uncertainty has become a well grounded fear; for even at Bath, the head-

quarters of pleasure, and the theatre where this exhibition is most beautifully and successfully cultivated, the number of fashionable young men is so small, and of those so many are too lazy or too conceited to move, that a lady who goes to a ball, may indeed feel a wish to dance, but she dares not indulge a hope. But this is a digression—enough for us, if the subject on which we treat be generally interesting, whatever be the causes of its interests.

I fear it must be granted, that modern dancing falls in several respects short of the art which was known and practised by the Greeks and Romans; at least, if we may believe eye-witnesses of its perfection and admirable effects, and if we consider that, in ancient times, inscriptions were written, and monuments dedicated, to the memories of many persons, for the great pre-eminence which they had attained in this art. Yet, perhaps, modern dancing comes nearer than the dancing of the Greeks and Romans, to the original institution of it in the early ages of the world, when motion, figure, and measure, made the whole system; for that general imitation of different actions, which was practiced on the ancient stage by the pantomimes, was unknown till the diversions of men partook with the worship of the Gods in the solemnity of dancing, and the luxurious tastes of a wanton age, induced a hundred different inventions of

pleasure. The dances were received upon the stage; at first, they were exhibited only between the acts, but, in a little while, they usurped an entire entertainment, almost to the exclusion of the drama itself. Indeed, Lucian declares the drama to have been so miserably acted, that the dancing was, in his opinion, preferable. Scaliger prefers it also to singing: "The chorus, the singers, and the dancers, all stood in that part of the ancient theatres, called the orchestra; and among all these," says Scaliger, "dancing ought to have the first place, for motion is of earlier date than speech. Besides, it was from the dances only, that the orchestra took its name. Singing is the performance of idleness, effeminacy, and sloth: but dancing is the exercise of vigour, spirit, and activity. Besides, it has been treated with the highest honour, on account of its essential use in military training. And, therefore," pursues he, "the Athenians elected Phrynicus their general, because he performed the Pyrrhic dance extremely well in a play." Nor should this be considered as a silly election of theirs, nor a partial irrational fondness for dances and plays. But, as the nature of this dance was warlike, and afforded opportunities for displaying skill in the discipline and management of a battle; they chose an excellent performer, because they believed that he would exercise, in the field, that spirit and address which he had display-

ed upon the stage. For since warfare of old was not the distant explosion of gunpowder, but the immediate collision of men, that energy and skill which was graceful before, was likely to be useful now.

(To be Concluded next week.)

“SHUT THE DOOR.”

At this season of the year, a few remarks on the subject of the above quotation, may not be inapposite. Much inconvenience, and great mischief frequently result from what are termed trifling errors: and although no very serious evil has ever arisen, to my knowledge, from the neglect which so frequently requires this command, still it cannot be denied that in the aggregate, much vexation and real inconvenience result from it. It often excites besides disagreeable feelings, hard scolding, and sometimes wicked swearing. It irritates and vexes—it makes us peevish and cross.

It is indeed of no trifling consequence in a cold winter's day, to have one's door kept open for a third or fourth part of the time; and more especially when that door directly communicates with the “wide world.” More cold is admitted in five minutes, than can be expelled in two hours. Hence we are compelled to a greater consumption of firing, and experience the loss of comfortable feelings.

The *sum of good manners* is to do nothing unnecessarily, which is disagreeable to others. Yet how often at this season of the year is this rule violated, in neglecting to “shut the door.”

James Slovenly often comes to my house on errands; but let the weather be ever so cold, he must stand with the door half way open until he has delivered his message and received an answer—if we are comfortably warm when Jimmy makes his appearance, we are sure to be uncomfortably cold ere he leaves the house. Solomon Bashful is another plague in winter. He too must always stand with the door open till his business is accomplished, evidently for the purpose of securing a retreat in case of attack. Ask Solomon to come to the fire, and *shut the door*. “No, thank'e, I an't cold, I'm going in a minute,” is all you can get out of Solomon; and as for Betty Glib-tongue, she always begins her long tale when she is going, and with the door half open, talks one into a fit of the ague before the latch is brought to the ketch, and her tongue between her teeth. Jack Lazy has a mortal aversion to shutting any door after him. He must do his business, and then if it be not too much trouble when he goes out, Jack will *shut the door*—or, you may shut it after him. Plague on such folks in cold weather.

Again—my boy Tom (till I learned him better) was in the ha-

bit, if a stick of wood, or pail of water was to be brought in, of constantly leaving the *door open* till the thing was accomplished. Tom thought himself warmer out of doors if he could but see his way clear into the house again. Betty, whether her business was down stairs or up in the garret, must always have the doors open, for it was comforting to her, if she was cold, to reflect that the rest of the family were in a fair way of becoming so too. And even my good wife Jemima (not often though) makes a slip in this way; but as I took her "for better for worse," it is neither prudent nor becoming in me to say much on this particular.

Indeed, as you may well suppose, from what has been said, I have had sorry times of it in *cold weather*. It is true, of late I have effected considerable reformation within my own jurisdiction; but the world still goes on in the old way, and as I have much to do with it, and it with me, I have ample cause, with the rest of my neighbours, of complaint, and am often compelled to cry out, "shut the door! shut the door!"

This subject may be thought a trifling one by some to lecture the world upon in the public papers; but I mistake if the majority at this time, do not *feelingly* join me, and often cry out "shut the door!"

On this subject, I think it high time to call the thoughtless and

imprudent to an account. In our houses of public worship (especially since it has lately become fashionable to be running in and out during the whole time of service) as well as in our private dwellings, this too common mark of ill breeding is becoming more and more observable. It is shameful conduct, let it be practised by whom it may; and it highly behoves heads of families, and teachers of youth, to impress upon the minds of those over whom they have controul, and upon their own minds too, the gross impropriety of the neglect here complained of. The eradication of this trait of bad manners, will be of more benefit to the community, than all their *antic capers*, learnt at dancing-schools in the space of an age.

A FRIEND TO GOOD MANNERS.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

.....

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BEAUTY, AND VENUS DE MEDICI.

Moralists have sufficiently disclaimed against beauty. I love to look at a woman, whose face is all harmony, and her eye all intelligence. Where is the evil? My perceptions are these of innocent pleasure. I am formed to take delight in the delicate glow of the rose, in the thick, green foliage

of the myrtle, in the pleasant duskiuess of twilight, and in the song of the morning bird. Shall I look cold on the animated beauty of a woman? I am not to be blamed if I express my ardent admiration of exquisite proportion, of a skin, delicate in its fibres, soft in the touch, and coloured, beyond all power of painting. If the Venus de Medicis in the Louvre attracts all eyes and entrances all hearts, what a being should I be to look unmoved to one, superior to the Venus, because animation gives a charm, which the sculptor could not impart, and intelligence is not to be found in the statue. Yet, except the female to whom I refer, this work of the chisel approaches nearest to perfection. The modesty of the attitude, the wonderful harmony of the curves, so gentle, and easy, and various, and the diminished size of the form render it the unceasing object of admiration. It has a decided superiority to the Venus of the Capitol, but the causes I care not to relate. There is a mysterious peculiarity in the neck and one of the feet which I cannot explain; they beggar description. The form, the gently swelling and falling curves, concave and convex, of the right foot seem to indicate, that there the sculpture ended, for there he made perfection. Other parts are exquisite. The head, the arms, and the breast are beautiful, and the legs are small, delicate and poetically formed, for they never existed in nature. If

a native of Spain travelled to Rome to see the person of the historian Livy, and having fulfilled his object, returned home and was satisfied; a foreigner may visit Paris, and having surveyed only the work of Cleomenes, son of Apollodorus, he may return to his country contented, for his time has not been expended in vain.

ETIQUETTE.

It was formerly the practice, among young men of fashion, that when a gentleman drank a lady's health as a toast, by way of doing her still more honour, he frequently threw some part of his dress into the fire, in which proof of veneration his companions were by *etiquette* obliged to follow him, by consuming the same article, whatever it might be. One day Sir C. S. being at a tavern with some friends after dinner, a gentleman observing that he had on a very rich lace cravat, when he named his toast, made a sacrifice of his own cravat, and Sir Charles and all the rest of the company were obliged to follow his example. Sir Charles bore his loss with great composure, observing that it was a good joke, but that he would have as good a frolic some other time. On a subsequent day, the same party being assembled, Sir Charles, when he had drunk a bumper to the health of some beauty of the day, called the waiter, and ordering in a den-

tist, whom he had previously stationed for that purpose, made him draw his decayed tooth, which had long plagued him. The rules of good-fellowship demanded that each of the company should also lose a tooth, but they hoped that he would not be so unmerciful as rigidly to enforce the law. Their remonstrances however were in vain, and each of his companions successively was obliged to put himself under the hands of the operator, and while they were writhing with pain, Sir Charles kept exclaiming, "Patience, gentlemen, patience! you know I promised you I should have my frolic."

DROLL STORY OF A FISHERMAN.

The Marquis Della Scallias, in Italy, once invited the neighboring gentry to a grand entertainment, and all the delicacies of the season were accordingly provided. Some of the company had already arrived, in order to pay their very early respects to his Excellency; when the major-domo, all in a hurry came into the dining room.—My Lord, here is a most wonderful fisherman below, who has brought one of the finest fishes I believe in all Italy; but then he demands such a price for it!" Regard not the price (cried the marquis) pay it him down directly." So I would please your worship, but he refuses to take money."—"Why, what would the fellow have?" "A hundred

strokes with the strappado on the bare shoulder, my lord; he says he will not abate a single blow."

Here they all ran down to have a view of this rarity of a fisherman. "A fine fish (cried the marquis) what is your demand, my friend, you shall be paid in one instant?" "Not a quattrina, my lord; I will not take money! if you'd have my fish, you must order me a hundred lashes of the strappado upon my naked back; if not, I shall apply elsewhere." "Rather than lose your fish, said his highness, let the fellow have his humour—Here, (he cried to one of his grooms) discharge this honest man's demand; but don't lay it on hard; do not hurt the poor fellow much." The fisherman then stripped, and the groom prepared to put his lordship's orders in execution. "Now, my friend," cried the fisherman, keep good account, I beseech you, for I am not covetous of a single stroke beyond my due." They all stood suspended in amazement, while the preparation was carrying on. At length, on the instant that the executioner had given the fiftieth lash, "Hold! (cried the fisherman) I have already received my full share of the price." "Your share! (questioned the marquis) what can you mean by that? Why my lord, you must know I have a partner in this business; my honor is engaged to let him have half of whatever I get; and I fancy your highness will acknowledge by and

by, that it would be a thousand pities to defraud him of a single stroke. And pray, my friend, who is this same partner of yours? It is the porter, my lord, who guards the out-gate of your highness's palace; he refused to admit me, but on the condition of promising him the half of what I should get for the fish." "Oh! Oh! (exclaimed the marquis, breaking into a laugh) by the blessing of heaven, he shall have his demand doubled him in full tale." Here the porter was sent for, and stripped to the skin: when two grooms laid upon him with might and main. The marquis then ordered his majordomo to pay the fisherman twenty sequins, and desired him to call yearly for the like sum, in recompense for the friendly office he had rendered him.

Correspondence.

We have received several poetic communications, which are inadmissible. Every week our letter box is filled with a quantity of stuff under the above appellation, which it is very irksome and unprofitable to peruse. We take the liberty of advising those who wish to distinguish themselves as favourites of Apollo, to study well, and digest, the productions of authors, celebrated for their talents in versal poesy, before they attempt to write any of their own. 'Tis not sufficient to meet the public eye, that ye sit down and pen some rhyming verses: it is necessary that attention should be paid to the sense and measure also. We repeat we are grateful for well-written communications.

Postage of letters being a very heavy drawback upon our little establishment, the profits of it being very small, it is determined hereafter to pay no attention to any communications, unless they are post paid.

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Patrons of the Miscellany, who do not intend having their numbers bound, will confer a particular favour upon the proprietor, by handing to the carrier, Nos. 6 & 7 of Vol. 8, who will return a sufficient remuneration.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Fenswick, Mr. John Thorburn, to Mrs. Mary Miller, both of this city.

On Saturday evening, Mr. Samuel F. Palmer, to Miss Emma Foster, of this city.

At Baltimore, Jacob Leef, to Miss Elizabeth Taylor.

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DIED,

On Thursday the 25th inst. the Rev. Evan Rogers, Minister of the Episcopal Church, at Rye.

On Saturday, the 28th inst. in the 29th year of her age, Mrs. Hetty Lee, the amiable consort of capt. George W. Lee.

A Bloomingdale, Sunday morning, Miss Ann Apthorpe, youngest daughter of Charles Ward Apthorpe, Esq.

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Our City Inspector reports the death of 47 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.



SONG,

*Written by W. R. SPENCER, Esq.
Son to the Duke of Malborough.*

WHEN the black letter'd list to the gods
was presented,
The list for what fate of each mortal in-
tends ;
At the long string of ills a kind angel re-
lent'd,
And slipp'd in three blessings...wife,
children and friends.

In vain angry Lucifer swore he was
cheated,
For Justice divine could not compass its
ends ;
The scheme of man's fall he maintain'd
was defeated ;
For earth becomes heaven, with—wife,
children and friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger
hands vested,
The fund ill-secur'd of in bankruptcy
ends ;
But the heart issues bills which are ne-
ver protested,
When drawn on the firm of—wife,
children and friends.

Though valour still glows in his life's
waning embers,
The death wounded tar, who his colours
defends,
Drops a tear of regret, as he dying, re-
members
How blest was his home, with—wife,
children and friends.

The soldier whose deeds live immortal
in story,
Whose duty to far-distant latitudes
sends ;
With transports would barter whole
ages of glory,
For one happy day, with—wife, children
and friends.

Though spice-bewaving gales o'er his
caravan hover,
And round him Arabia's whole fragrance
descends ;
The merchant still thinks of the wood-
bines that cover
The bower where he sat, with—wife,
children and friends.

The day-spring of youth, still unclouded
by sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends ;
But is the twilight of age, if it borrow
No warmth from the smiles of—wife,
children and friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen
and nourish
The laurel which o'er her dead favourite
bends ;
O'er him wave the willow, which only
can flourish,
When dew'd with the tears of—wife,
children and friends.

Let us drink ! for my song, growing
graver and graver,
To subjects too solemn insensibly tends ;
Let us drink ! pledge me high ! love
and beauty will flavour
The glass which I fill to—wife, children
and friends.

RETALIATION.

If Eve in her innocence could not be
blamed,
Because going naked she was not asham-
ed,

Who're views the Ladies as Ladies
now dress,
That again they grow innocent, sure
must confess,
And that artfully too they retaliate the
evil,
By the Devil once tempted, they now
tempt the Devil.

DRAMATICUS.

To the Editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

Sir,

As the inclosed may never have
met your observation—its insertion,
if acceptable, may perhaps amuse some
of your readers, as well as

Yours, &c.

A CORRESPONDENT.

THE CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

Last night I receiv'd a poetical letter,
Informing me lovely Nannette was
much better ;
So vast overjoy'd, so elated with glee,
I jump'd up in raptures, and knock'd
down my tea ;
The tea-pot o'erturn'd, with water just
boil'd,
And sad to relate, inexpressibles spoil'd,
All the tea-tackle join'd poor Pill Gar-
lick to bother,
The tea-cups they tumbled one over the
other ;
The saucers, o'erjoy'd at the sight,
now got up,
And each saucer danc'd, with his part-
ner the cup ;
Then up jump'd the tea-pot, as light as
a feather,
When down went cups, saucers, and
milk pot, together.
The milk pot affrighted, fell down in a
swoon,

And shocking to tell, overwhelm'd th
spoon :
T'was chaos, confusion, a terrible fray,
But some cowardly milk in a fright ran
away,
The sugar, began too, to melt at the
sight,
And the milk that was left, look'd a
terrible white ;
The plate, with surprise, lay as flat as
a flounder,
The tea-caddy, mouth open, stood
gaping with wonder ;
The loaf tumbled down, and demolish'd
a cup,
And his form being heavy, he could
not get up ;
Some butter alarm'd for its safety now
spread,
In kindness, and cover'd the form of
the bread ;
The knife look'd as sharp as a razor to
see,
And the tea-kettle sung out, Tantivy !
with glee,
The table shed scalding hot tears thro'
each crack,
Puss, swore in her passion—they fell
on her back,
Little Pompey reposing on Aunt Griz-
zle's knee,
Was scalded to death, by the steam of
some tea ;
When misfortune to heighten, and this
farce to close,
The sugar tongs fell on the bridge of
my nose ;
But the tea-board, poor soul, the only
thing quiet,
Lays dead of the blows he receiv'd in
the riot.

GALIANO.

SONG.—FROM THE IRISH.

Thou dear seducer of my heart !
Fond cause of every struggling sigh ;

No more can I conceal love's smart,
No more restrain the ardent eye.

What tho' this tongue did never move
To tell thee of its master's pain;
My eyes, my looks have spoke my
love,—
My charmer! shall they speak in
vain?

My fond imagination warm,
Presents thee at the noon-tide beam;
And sleep gives back thy angel form,
To clasp thee in the midnight dream.

Elvina, tho' no splendid store
I boast, a venal heart to move,
Yet, charmer! I am far from poor,
For I am more than rich in love!

Pulse of my beating heart! shall all
My hopes of thee and peace be fled?
Unheeded wilt thou hear my fall?
Unheeded wilt thou see me dead?

I'll make a cradle of my breast,
Thy image all its child shall be—
My throbbing heart shall rock to rest
Those cares which waste thy life and
me.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

.....

LOVE.

I love my Love, because no Love, so
loving is as he,
I love my Love, because my Love, so
loving is to me;
But if my Love, another Love, did
love as much as me,
Then I my Love, no more should love,
no longer loving be.
Yes, if my Love, forget his Love, and
has no love for me,
Then would the love, of my dear Love,
no longer loving be;

Then if my Love, forsook his Love,
and love a lovelier she,
Then for my love, I'll quit my Love,
and love some lovelier he.

JULIA.

LINES,

Addressed to a Young Lady.

WHAT though no fortune or estates I
own,
Nor boast the jewels glitt'ring in a
crown!—
Mine is a cot where happiness resides,
Where the fleet hour in sweet content-
ment glides;
Mine is the fragrance of the rising
morn,
And mine the flow'rs which earth's
green face adorn.
Oft in the e'en I listened to the note
Of the sweet nightingale, on spray re-
mote:
Oft in the e'en I see the moon on high,
Swiftly revolving thro' th' etherial sky;
In all her wonted pomp, and silent ma-
jesty.
Yet while 'midst scenes of happiness I
rove,
I feel a pain—the pleasing pain of love.

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